

Crawford Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

VOLUME XLIV

VILLAGE CAUCUS FRIDAY NIGHT

MUCH INTEREST SHOWN AND
LARGE ATTENDANCE ANTIC-
IPATED.

The annual village caucus for the nomination of candidates for the village election of March 13, will occur at the Court house Friday night, Feb. 17. This promises to be one of the liveliest caucuses held here in some years, judging from the interest and talk that is going the rounds. And there are many predictions as to who is to head the city government for another year. A few names have been proposed but we hardly think it advisable to mention them here, as we understand that there have been no avowed declarations by anyone in particular that they would accept a nomination. Geo. Olson, the present incumbent, has served two years and no doubt will be glad to relinquish the honor in favor of someone else.

There seems to be several candidates for the office of clerk, the present clerk Chris Jenson, Lorane Sparker and Carl Peterson have stated that they are candidates. Marcus Hanson will retire as treasurer, he having served the customary two terms.

The trustees to retire are Dr. C. A. Campfield and J. C. Burton; the third member was Arthur McIntyre, who resigned several months ago. No doubt these two trustees will be willing to serve another term, and if we may be permitted to say so, we consider them capable, conscientious, and faithful officials, and we believe the people of Grayling will never have to apologize for having chosen them.

At this caucus is the time for the people to express themselves; to elect the officers in whom they have confidence, and who will endeavor to carry on the affairs of our village as they believe they should be carried out. Let us cut out petty jealousies and look out for Grayling with a broad vision. We are no one-horse town and we cannot be considered any longer a lumberjack town. Those grand old characters of the early pioneer days of Grayling, are practically of the past. We are living in a new era and must look at the conducting of our municipal affairs from a new angle and with a new inspiration.

In the matter of economy we say amen; let's encourage the practice of it even demand it, but we must agree that we can no more expect to get away from the spending of money in running the village affairs than we can expect to run our homes with expense. There are certain problems and expenses that have to be met, and here is where the council must exercise its judgment and be able to select the grain from the chaff, and know what is just and fair and what is unnecessary. And we don't mean by necessities just those things that cannot be dispensed with.

A home without a touch of comfort and attractiveness is no home at all, and its tenants but miserable creatures. We don't want Grayling that kind of a home to live in; we want it to be a town of progressiveness, comfortable and attractive, and kept so within the means of our pocketbooks. To plug up the loopholes of waste, demand a dollar's worth of service and material for our dollars, and to help keep the wheels of progress in motion are essentials to any well organized, ambitious town. And if ever the day comes when we cannot be ambitious

and progressive, let's lock the gates of Grayling, leaving just one exit, for those of us who do not care to live in a dead town to get out of, and one gate of entrance just large enough to admit the hearse with more dead ones.

But, we ask ourselves, why such

gloom? Grayling is up in the saddle and doing. If our civil government will exercise the same spirit in the affairs of the village, as they would do in their own business affairs, then that body is entitled to our commendation and loyal backing. It takes a strong courage to fight forward in the face of adverse criticism, and the person who cannot withstand it has no business in public office, but to the person who will accept the principle as suggested in the thought of the immortal Lincoln when he said: "I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

It can always face the world and in the end will come reward and honor. We may not have any Lincolns but we have many disciples of the great emancipator, and if we will look about us we will find them. They are seldom to be found among the noise-makers, but when we once have brot them to light, let us back their efforts with our moral support, and not encumber them with the loadstone of unenlightened criticism, unjust condemnation.

STATE VOTES IN FAVOR OF SEVEN AMENDMENTS.

At least seven proposed constitutional amendments will appear on the ballots given to the voters of Michigan in the general November election this year.

Three of them were initiated by the 1921 Legislature, four will be initiated by popular petition, the forms already having been approved by the department of state. The proposed amendments are:

To compel all children within prescribed limits and under certain conditions to attend the public schools.

To provide for selection of members of the state Legislature on a strictly pro-rata population basis and do away with the existing moiety clause in the constitution.

To provide for enlarged county home-rules.

To shorten the ballot by making the office of superintendent of public instruction appointive rather than elective.

To authorize the Legislature to enact law providing for a state income tax.

To authorize the Legislature to enact legislation permitting excess condemnation of land for parks, boulevards and public works.

To authorize the Legislature to provide for the incorporation of ports and port districts.

The last three proposed amendments were initiated by the Legislature. The excess condemnation amendment would allow cities, within reasonable limitations, to condemn for public purposes more land than actually is used.

WHY SCOUTS CELEBRATE.

More than two million boys have subscribed to the Scout Oath and Law and taken part in the Scout program of character-building and citizenship-training activities during the past twelve years. The extent of these individual efforts and advancement toward good citizenship, the Daily Good Turns done by scouts, the Community Good Turns by troops, the body and mind-building hikes and camps that have such a large place in the program, the statewide services of scouts in special emergencies and the national services of the Boy Scouts of America in connection with the war, constitute a chapter in our history and particularly in the history of the boyhood of America, that would have seemed a fairy tale, the unattainable vision of some dreamer, twelve years ago. Yet, this week we celebrate the actual achievement of these things in the Twelfth Anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America.

After a week's drilling and grinding Coach Morrow considers his team in shape for the East Jordan quintet, which they will go up against next Friday. The flaws which have been corrected and the team will go to East Jordan with the one thought—VICTORY.

The Geometry 1 and 2 classes will have a party Friday.

The faculty will have a party at Mr. Smith's Tuesday evening.

Coach Morrow's Hoboes defeated the Frederic Locals by a score of 43-6. The score at the end of the first half was 25-2. During the game Frederic was able to score only one field basket. This is the second game that the Hoboes have held their opponents down to one field basket.

Brown starred throughout the game making ten baskets. Smith, five, Lansberg, 4; McPhee, 1; Taylor, Matson, Ingalls. Foul shots: Brown 3-4.

Tit Bits.

"Please mum," said the tramp who had knocked at the door, "would you do a bit of sewing for me?"

"I guess so," said the lady kindly; "what kind of sewing do you want me to do for you?"

"I have a button here," said the tramp, "and I'll be very much obliged if you will sew a pair of pants on it."

One day an English Lord was talking to Don Reynolds. He said: "My grandfather was a very great man, one day Queen Victoria touched him on the shoulder with a sword and made him a lord." Don: "That's nothing one day Red Wing, an Indian touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."

Miss Bellows: "Put this sentence into your own words—A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse."

Edgar Douglas: "A spasmodic movement at the optic is an adequate sign of the gravamen as a slight indication of the gravamen as an equine quadruped devoid of its visionary capacities."

Heard in a class—"I know you know it, but I do not know whether the rest of the class does."

Say ole man, just caus you feel blue Don't think the whole world is cruel It might be you.

No! Well don't be to sure you know, Caus you know, you can't always know.

Just what you do know. Just pull up that chair Right over that, And I will see.

Ic I can't repair That discontenency,

Thet lies within ye. Now tell me yer troubles Mind you, all yer troubles, From begin to end,

And well see if we can't mend Them and drive the blues away so quick

Then you can say "Stick."

Everything gone wrong At home as well as in the throng?

Why, thes' as simple,

As that ole pimples.

Then I see right now,

On yer 'ugly' brow.

You say I'm all wrong!

Well I've lived too long,

T. N. T.

AN EXPLOSION OF PEDIGREE TRUTH.

(Notes of the Grayling Schools.)

The "Hoboes" I shall call them, Coach Morrow's snappy five. They fought the mighty Cowboys, And all came back alive.

They ran wild with Alba,

Defeated Cheboygan too.

And cleaned up on Wolverine,

And would look good at the tourney too.

—Don ("Red")

Don't forget March 3. (Hawallans)

Beatrice Larson is absent from

school entertaining the Scarlet.

The school has taken various means

of preventing the spread of this disease.

Owing to the ventilating system

being out of order a number of the

rooms were unable to continue school

in the afternoon last Friday. The

rooms were filled with smoke.

The Onaway Campfire Girls gave a

surprise party on Miss Estabrook

Monday evening, after their ceremoni-

al meeting. The Valentine idea was

carried out in the decorations. Every

one enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

The merchants must have enjoyed

a prosperous sale of gum Saturday

as the amount of gum which came in

to the Commercial room indicated.

The Economics class must have had

a number of questions on electricity,

as Miss Woodward said the test was

a shock to some of the students.

The Senior class will give a pro-

gram Friday afternoon, Feb. 24, at

2:00. The parents and the public are

cordially invited to attend. This will

be the first of a series of programs to

be given every Friday afternoon.

Tags to the amount of \$29.73 were

sold Tuesday to help the Milk fund.

The Grades sold \$19.43 and the High

school \$10.30.

There will be a gym. party for the

women of the faculty, and the Senior

Girls. Eats will be served after the

party.

The Art class are making posters

for the Hospital Aid party to be given

in the school gym. Feb. 22.

New blackboards will be installed

in the Mathematics department. Now

everyone will have a chance to show

their ability on the boards.

Miss Thompson will return the lat-

ter part of the week.

The largest class in High School

is 45 and the smallest 7. The average class is 17. There are 42 classes a day. Out of 759 marks there were

only 54 failures this makes the per-

centage about 7.

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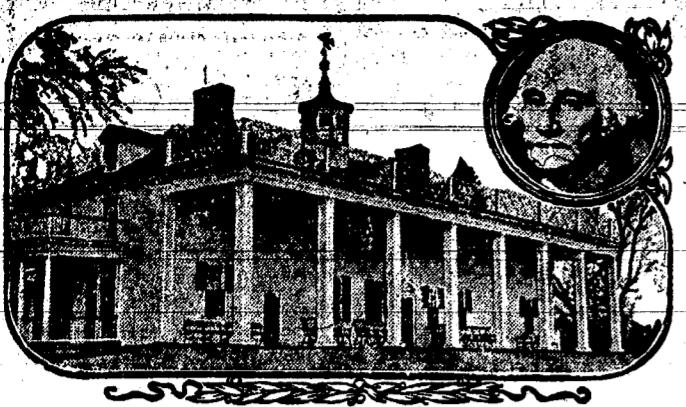
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Historic Mount Vernon

REAL WASHINGTON
INTENSELY HUMAN

BY NO MEANS THE DEMIGOD HE HAS BEEN DEPICTED.

Admittedly of Violent Temper, but With Strong Powers of Self-Control—Naturally Melancholy.

The Father of His Country would hardly have fancied himself in the role of a demigod—as folks nowadays are disposed to regard him. He was very human.

When a young man, his hair was decidedly red. At the age of fifty, he was quite gray, and on occasions of ceremony his locks (done up in a queue) were freely powdered, as was the custom of the day.

His teeth—from early manhood gave him a great deal of trouble. They were, in fact, badly decayed—dentistry at that period being an undeveloped art—and this circumstance rather marred his good looks when he smiled or laughed.

At fifty-seven (when inaugurated as President in New York), he had lost nearly all of his teeth. He then wore a false set of hippopotamus ivory which made him very uncomfortable. In sitting for his most famous portrait, painted by Gilbert Stuart, his lips were padded out with a wad of cotton.

He seems to have had little sense of humor, and unquestionably was of a most melancholy temperament. The dinners he gave in New York, were described by his guests as dull affairs. As a rule, he sat silent, rather sad and贞洁, and taking little part in the conversation. While others talked, he would keep tap-tapping on the table edge with fork or spoon—a curious habit he had.

Spelling was by no means his forte. To the end of his life he wrote "wunder" for "window," "hitten" for Latin, etc. Nor is this surprising, inasmuch as his education was finished in a village school. The style of his penmanship, so neat and clear, followed the stereotyped copies of the "Young Man's Companion," which was the guide of his boyhood.

At Mount Vernon he had a very decent collection of books, but his reading seems to have been restricted mainly to works on farming and military science. How he managed to evolve the classic literary style that marks his public and private writings is a puzzle not easy to solve.

The discussion here attempted, however, is not of Washington's many perfections, but of his human weaknesses—to show that, like the rest of us, he was far from godlike. This most admirable of men had certainly a terrible temper. He could swear on occasions with alarming emphasis. A story, well authenticated, is that he pitilessly beat an Alexandria butcher with a horsewhip because the meat merchant had exposed for sale a deer that was recognized by the master of Mount Vernon as killed on his own plantation.

In 1750, a few months after his marriage, he wrote: "I am now, I believe, at this seat, with an agreeable partner for life; and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I have ever experienced amidst the wide and bustling world."

Note, if you please, that Washington was then only twenty-seven years old. Yet his attitude of mind was elderly, with a touch of sadness.

On his return to Mount Vernon, after the war, he wrote to Lafayette: "I could not mind that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years in climbing, and that, though blessed with a good constitution, I was of a short-lived family, and might soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers. But I will not re-pine. I have had my day."

Think of writing in such terms at fifty-two years of age—a time of life at which men, nowadays consider that they have barely reached their heyday. Washington, as a matter of fact, had still fifteen years to live, eight of which were to be spent in administering the affairs of the nation as its President.

But he was always a melancholy man. For many years before his departure from this world seems to have been constantly in his mind. Whence, presumably, the great interest he took in the removal of the old family burial vault at Mount Vernon, which was being undermined by an underground stream.

Helping thousands of college graduates and students to find suitable positions is the huge task of Francis C. Lawson, director of the bureau of employment of New York university and commander of the Three Hundred and Fifth Machine Gun Battalion post of the American Legion.

When the war broke out, Lawson was associate pastor of the famous

Judson Memorial church in Washington square, New York. He entered the service as a chaplain with the Seventy-seventh division, being wounded on the Vesle river and again in the Argonne, after which he recuperated in a hospital for a year.

Since taking over the work of placing graduates and students in jobs, Lawson has found positions for more than 400 of them. They include accountants, clerks, salesmen, foreign trade specialists, journalists and a variety of others.

SHE LOOKS AFTER THE WOMEN

Mrs. Carroll Marks, Los Angeles, is Supervisor of Legion Auxiliary in Coast States.

Mrs. Carroll Marks of Los Angeles, Cal., has undertaken to handle thousands of women in her capacity as supervisor in the American Legion Auxiliary in the Pacific Coast states. Eight years' experience on the stage stands her in good stead.

Mrs. Marks, who is prominent in patriotic and social circles in her state, was the first commander of the Legion Auxiliary in California. She has two sons, both of whom were disabled in the war and are now receiving vocational training from the government.

For Reserve Corps Duty.

Thirteen new brigadier generals have been appointed in the reserve corps. Five are retired regular army officers, one is from the National Guard, and seven are members of the officers' reserve corps. They are: Colonels Palmer E. Pierce, James R. Lindsey, Milton F. Davis, Walter C. Babcock and Harold P. Howard, regular army; retired; former Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly of the Guard, and Reserve Corps Colonels Carey F. Spence, Thornwell Mullally, George W. Hall, John J. Carty, William H. Welsh, Dr. William J. Mayo, and Frank Billings.

Little to Ask.

She was the sweetest, most innocent little girl he had ever seen, and he watched her sympathetically as she stood knee-deep in the snow, fumbling in her handbag, with tears of vexation in her eyes.

"May I help you?" he asked gently, not wishing to frighten her.

She smiled shyly. "Yes," she answered. "Will you please roll this cigarette for me?"—American Legion Weekly.

To Meet in New Orleans.

New Orleans will be the common meeting ground for ex-service men from many countries this year when the Inter-allied Veterans' Federation holds its third annual conference at the same time the American Legion is holding its national convention. The Legion is a member of the federation, and Cabot Ward, vice-commander of the Paris post, is vice-president of the federation.

The Cat.

Two women were meeting for the first time in several months.

"Why," gushed the first, who had not in the past been on too cordial terms with the other, "I never thought you would recognize me—it's been so long since we met."

"My dear," replied the other, "I had no difficulty whatever. I remembered the hat distinctly."—American Legion Weekly.

Feminine Finance.

"Dear," said Mrs. Newell, "I need a new hat, so I just wrote a check for fifty dollars on the First National to save you expense."

"Great gosh!" gasped her husband. "I haven't a nickel in that bank."

"I know it, dear; but that will be all right. They won't mind." Their ad- visee responded: "Our Resources Are One Million Dollars."—American Legion Weekly.

Veterans Receiving Treatment.

More than 9,000 veterans are receiving treatment under the contract system of hospitalization, according to figures given the American Legion by the Veterans' Bureau. Of these 3,000 are tubercular cases, 4,000 are neuro-psychiatric cases, and 2,000 are general and surgical cases. During the next few months, 6,000 additional beds will be made available. Rigid standards are laid down by the bureau, and inspections are held at stated intervals.

Indispensable Qualities.

Without virtue and without integrity, the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect, and conciliate the esteem, of the truly valuable part of mankind.—George Washington.

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...and more have become reconciled to me. I find that there is a number of unpleasant features that confront me and that is that there are going to be hundreds of other people in Grayling who are going to be grieved over this than I do the loss of appointment as postmaster, and this is saying much.

There is just one thing I can do now and that is to assure my friends that I am deeply grateful, and that I shall always remember with the greatest fervor the loyal way they have supported me in my efforts. Ladies and gentlemen, I sincerely thank you. I trust that Mr. Peterson will appreciate the sacrifice we have made in his behalf, and that in return he will give the patrons of Grayling postoffice the best service it has ever enjoyed.

O. P. Schumann.

GRAYLING BASKETEERS MADE FINE SHOWING FRIDAY NIGHT.

Independents Wallop Bay City First M. E. Team and G. H. S. Defeats Frederic H. S.

Two fast games of basket ball were staged on the home floor last Friday night when our fast Independents completely outclassed the First M. E. quintet of Bay City, winning by a score of 47 to 7, and Coach Morrow's Hoboes defeated the Frederic High school by a score of 43 to 6. Both the snappy games.

The Independents M. E. game started with the visiting team scoring first, but soon Bay City was lost, when our forwards began putting the ball in the hoop at will. Bay City couldn't keep them from scoring, while our guards made it impossible for the visitors to ring up but few scores, those that were made were long shots from the center of the floor.

Summary: Geister... R. F. ... C. Johnson Pembroke... L. F. ... Libeck Howard ... M. C. ... Reynolds Hershey ... R. G. ... Milnes Harbourne ... L. G. ... Morrow

Score half time, Grayling 24, Bay City, 2. Field Baskets, E. Geister, 2. Howard, 1; C. Johnson, 7; Charlefour, 5; Reynolds, 4; Libeck, 2; Morrow, 3; E. Johnson, 1. Free throws, Pembroke, 1 in 4; C. Johnson, 3 in 5. Substitutions, E. Johnson for Reynolds; Doroh for Libeck; Charlefour for C. Johnson; Smith for Harbourne.

Fans were disappointed when it was announced Tuesday that the Traverse City Independent game had been called off owing to the illness of a couple of the Traverse City players. However the game is just postponed until some later date to be announced later. On March 11, the Independents will meet the Saginaw Triangles on the home floor. The Triangles won on their first meeting here in Grayling, but the locals feel sure of winning this time.

G. H. S.—Frederic Game.

This game was full of thrills, Grayling trouncing the Fredericites by a score of 42 to 6. The visitors were fast enough and played a snappy game but the Hoboes were too clever for them. Brown as usual played a faultless game. The visitors played a nice clean game and with a little more practice and able coaching should be able to beat some of the best teams in these parts. The local High go to East Jordan for a game Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Feldhausen are happy over the arrival of a baby girl in their home. They have decided to keep her.

Leo Gannon of Gaylord was here Sunday calling on his lady friends. Also Jack Keeley of Maple Forest on the same purpose intent.

Mrs. Benson of Grayling was here calling on Mrs. B. P. Johnson last Friday.

Albert Nelson is cooking out at Geo. Sheldon's camp.

Mr. Corridor is visiting in Marion, Mich., while his wife and children are at Yale.

Mrs. Geo. Davidson has a baby girl three weeks old.

John Rice had the misfortune to cut his foot very badly last week.

FREDERIC SCHOOL NOTES.

The minstrel show given by the High School Saturday evening was a great success. The proceeds from this go into the Senior class fund.

Mrs. Geo. Hunter visited school Tuesday afternoon.

Can anyone imagine Casey Johnson making a day of school because he had to work? Well that's just what happened Tuesday.

English 1 class have completed some work on American authors and are working on Book Reports for a change.

Every one enjoyed Wednesday morning's assembly.

Emanuel Abraham is absent this week. He's entertaining an ulcerated tooth.

The primary room had a Valentine box Tuesday. They had five little visitors.

Miss Ruth Corwin, of Grayling visited school Monday morning.

Several pupils of the primary room are absent because of illness.

English 2 class have begun the study of Silas Marner, by George Eliot.

Kenneth Goshorn is librarian this week.

We'd like to know:

Why it was necessary to move the fountain in the upstairs hall?

Where Alfred Smith got all the Black Jack gum?

Where the High School pupils are finding all the "dime novels"?

Who took the fudge from Miss Corwin's desk?

Where Bernice got her new middy?

Why Don was absent Tuesday?

What became of Mr. Hibb's cap?

Why Clifford Knobbs wanted a private conversation with Miss Craven?

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

For Indigestion and Constipation.

"The most pleasant medicine I have used for indigestion and constipation is Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Melard F. Craig, Middle Grove, N. Y. "They were like diamonds and do not grip or leave any taste."

Telephone 204. Office open Monday 8:00 a. m. to Friday 1:00 p. m.

DR. SEN & KELDSEN

Chiropractors

100 Main Street

Grayling, Mich.

Pull For Grayling or Pull Out

WITHDRAWS FROM POSTOFFICE RACE

Wednesday morning when the writer came to his office, the first thing he did was to write and mail the following letter:

Feb. 15, 1922.
Mr. Holger F. Peterson,
Postmaster, City.

Friend Holger:
As your term of postmastership of Grayling will expire in April, I believe it is only fair to the people of our community that they be given an opportunity to have a choice in the selection of your successor. I have written Congressman Roy Woodruff asking that I be appointed, and no doubt you have done likewise.

I am taking this way of letting you know, as I wish to be perfectly fair and do not want to take any advantage over you. You and I are good friends and I trust our friendship may continue, and it will as far as I am concerned. You of course will agree that I am only taking advantage of what is my perfect right. Cordially yours,

O. P. Schumann.

Later I started out with petitions addressed to Congressman Roy Woodruff asking that he appoint me as postmaster of Grayling to succeed Holger F. Peterson when his term of office expires in April. This was circulated and I was indeed gratified over the results. I found almost every person willing to sign, and I soon obtained four large sheets filled with names, and had hardly begun.

Later it was brot to my attention that I was taking an unfair advantage of Mr. Peterson, and reminded that the two term policy should apply to this as is customary in other public offices. This was not brot to me by any committee appointed by Mr. Peterson, but by one individual—one of my personal friends, and without the knowledge of Mr. Peterson.

If this was unfair, I knew it would never set well upon my conscience. It was a hard pill to swallow, as I had reasons to feel confident of success. I took considerable time in thinking the matter over and finally came to the conclusion that I would

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LADIES

We have added to our stock
a neat line of

Place and Tally Cards
Paper Doilies
Birthday Candles
and Rose Buds

A. M. LEWIS, YOUR DRUGGIST

LOCAL NEWS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1922.

MAGNETIC.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
With your perforated clock,
There below the skirt so high,
You're a magnet for the eye.

The White Wing.

A few days left to pay taxes.
Mayor and Mrs. George N. Olson
left last night to spend a few days
in Detroit.

Remember the mystery sale at the
Gift Shop, Saturday, Feb. 18. Come
young and old you will all be inter-
ested.

One dollar, including lunch pays
the bill for the Charity ball to be given
Wednesday evening, Feb. 22 at the
High School gymnasium. Everybody
is urged to attend. Special features
will be given during the evening.

The Bridge club enjoyed a most de-
lightful afternoon Saturday with Mrs.
A. J. Joseph. Clever little Valentine
tuxes filled with candy were given as
favors to the guests. A delicious
luncheon was served. Mrs. C. R. Key-
pert held the high score.

A certain superintendent in a
Michigan village, substituted in a
couple of classes for one of his lady
teachers. When she offered to pay
him for his services, he refused but
insisted that she buy him a pair of
house slippers, which she did. We
are wondering how he plans to get
the new spring suit. —Moderator Top-
ics.

The Mistletoe "500" club was en-
tertained at the home of Mrs. B. J.
Conklin Tuesday night. It being
St. Valentine's day, the hostess car-
ried out her lunch with red heart
place-cards with a large heart as a
center-piece. On the cards and after
the lunch, readings from the back of
the place cards were given causing a
lot of merriment. Prizes for "500's"
were awarded to Mrs. W. J. Heric
and Mrs. Harold Rasmussen.

The T. S. T. club spent most en-
joyable evening Wednesday, when
Mrs. Alva Roberts entertained the
club. Three prizes were given for
first, second and lowest scores. Miss
Odie Sheehy was awarded first prize.
Miss Charlotte Flagg second and Mrs.
Kenneth McLeod, consolation. The
hostess gave a lovely two course
lunch, places being found by place
cards suggestive of St. Valentine
day. The club will meet next Tues-
day at the home of Miss Charlotte
Flagg.

Everybody who tries Tanlac has
something good to say about it. A.
M. Lewis, Druggist.

Get your dog license before March
1st. \$2.00 heavy ribbers, reduced to
\$1.25 at E. J. Olson's. C. T. Kerry of Saginaw was in the
city on business Thursday.

Come to our mystery sale Saturday
at the Gift Shop. One day only.

Fire insurance. Palmer Fire In-
surance agency. Avalanche building.

Clean cotton wiping rags wanted
at the Avalanche office. 2c per lb.
paid for them.

Don't forget Mrs. Custer's dancing
classes Friday evenings at Moose Hall.
Beginners may come in at any time.

When looking for fine stationery
don't forget the Gift Shop. We
have a full line at all times, and at
prices that will suit all demands.

The Women's Auxiliary of the
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lation of officers last Friday evening at
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Do you wish to know why the
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The affair was a surprise to Mrs.
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You can't get strong on a weak,
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Eat plenty of nourishing food and
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it. A. M. Lewis, Druggist.

Special Value in
Mens Suits

Just received a shipment of Mens Blue Serge and fine
Worsted Suits—all wool—nicely tailored

\$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00

(Suits like these sold for \$35 to \$50 a year ago)

New Spring Hats

NEW Spring Dresses

Ladies! We are showing the new
Spring Hats. Exclusive
pattern hats at

Just unpacked some pretty new
Spring Dresses in the
latest styles—

\$4.50 to \$8.50

\$15.00 to \$25.00

CONTINUING OUR CLEARANCE SALE

of Ladies Coats, Mens Overcoats and Mackinaws,
Sweaters, Underwear, Blankets. Real bar-
gains and dependable merchandise.

Grayling Mercantile Co.

The Quality Store

Awnings, Tents and Covers

Everything in Canvas

C. C. BROWN, Agent, Grayling

2-16-4.

KODAK FILM

the dependable film
in the yellow box

Dependable

because of its uniformity. The same exposure
under like conditions produces identical re-
sults on Kodak Film.

Dependable

because a considerable variation in exposure is
permitted by the "latitude" of Kodak Film.

Dependable

because the Eastman Kodak Company makes
Kodak Film—and because we sell it.

Sorenson Bros.

The Home of Dependable Furniture

REDUCED PRICES ON
FLOORING MILL WOODPer Wagon Load at the
Mill \$3.50

ADDITIONAL FOR DRAYING—

To any point on South Side \$1.00

To any point on North Side \$1.25

Leave orders with C. W. Hazzard,
or at office.

KERRY & HANSON FLOORING CO.

Saturday Specials

10 TALL CANS
DANISH PRIDE MILK 79c

With an order of \$1.00 worth of other groceries

Corned Beef, Armour's, large can, each	23c
Cabbage, large, sound, new heads, per lb.	62c
Carrots, fresh washed, per lb.	2c
Campbell's Soups, tomato, etc.	19c
Old Master Coffee, 3 pound package	1.13
Honey, new crop, per cake	19c

Richelieu Corn, little kernel
2-cans

39c

Richelieu Peas, sifted small June
2 cans

49c

Richelieu Red Kidney Beans
2 cans

29c

Golden Corn Meal
10 lb. sack; each

29c

Swans Down Cake Flour
per package

33c

Mince Meat, home-made
2 lbs.

39c

THE SIMPSON CO.

PHONE
FOURTEEN

Grocers

PROMPT
DELIVERY

Get your dog license before March
1st. \$2.00 heavy ribbers, reduced to
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THE GIRL, A HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

"STANNIE, OLD BOY, THERE'S YOUR FORTUNE!"

"Your portion of Grandfather Jasper's property was worth, at its latest valuation, something like \$40,000. It lies in a perfectly safe repository, situated between 105th and 110th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, and the 35th and 40th degrees north latitude. When you find it, you will be able to identify it by the presence of a girl with brown hair and blue eyes, and small mole on her left shoulder, a piebald horse which the girl rides, and a dog with a split face half black and half white. You will be more than likely to find the three together; and if you make the acquaintance of the girl, you'll be on the trail of your legacy."

And there's that! Stanford Broughton is an attractive young society idler relying on the fortune his grandfather is going to leave him. But the will gives all the tangible property to Sanford's cousin, Percy. And Percy writes Stannie, "as in the foregoing," sagely adding, "All you're set to do is to go to work and find it."

So Stannie, shocked into reliance on his own resources, sets out. He finds the dog and the horse. Next he finds the girl. And then he discovers that the "perfectly safe repository" is a drowned-out gold mine.

The mine was flooded and shut down, but as soon as Stannie gets to putting around it he finds that other people want it, just the same. In fact, they want it bad enough to try to kill off Stannie and the girl's father, caretaker of the mine, in order to get possession. Risks, dynamite, sulphur fumes—everything goes. Stannie gets his mad up and turns out to be a regular fellow. And as for the girl—she's worth a dozen gold mines.

Francis Lynde wrote this thoroughly good story. He long ago made himself famous by his railroad-stories. Dollars to doughnuts he's proud of this mining story!

CHAPTER I.

Cousin Percy's Little Joke.

I suppose every one has had the experience of walking in the middle of the night to find everything perfectly still and quiet and normal, and yet with the impression persisting that there had been a tremendous crash of some sort just before the walking senses were able enough to realize it. It was some such razing jolt as that was given me on the morning when I was called in, with the other members of the family, to listen to the reading of my grandfather's will.

But, first, however, to give some idea of the conditions precedent, as a lawyer would say. My father—good, easy-going, comfort-loving Dad—never owned what Grandfather Dudley, purring his thin lips and snapping the words out, called "the money sense." As an architect high in his profession and with fine artistic feeling for the beautiful in buildings, he earned a liberal income—and spent it; or so much of it that there was barely enough left after his death to provide for my mother and sister, and to keep me going, as you might say, in an exceedingly modest manner. Without work, I mean—I may as well confess at once, that I had never acquired the work habit. I was always "going to," but it was so fatally easy to keep on postponing the chilling plunge. I suppose I had been ready on at least half a dozen occasions to take a dive into some pool with a salmy attachment, but always some good friend would bob up to say, "Oh, come on, Stannie old man; we're lacking just one more to make up the bunch. Don't be a clam. Time enough to settle down when you have to, and then it would be all off."

Besides, you see, there was always Grandfather Jasper in the background. He had money—bushels of it, so we all believed; and it had been a family understanding for years that he intended splitting the bulk of it, fifty-fifty, between my cousin Percy and me. Before we go any farther, let me set it down that Cousin Percy was, and is, all the seventeen different kinds of things that I am not, and would never wish to be: smooth, well-groomed, "grind" in college and a "perfect deer" with the girls, and bittings as the very devil, and measuring his friends by the amount of "pull" they might be able to exert in his behalf; there you have him from the crown of his well-trimmed little head to his patent leather pumps.

"You're a ruffian, Stannie," he would say, in his carefully polished diplomatic manner; he had a billet in the Department of State at Washington, and was in training for the legation service abroad—"you are a perfect ruffian. Three whole years out of college, and you haven't done a single, solitary useful thing yet. When are you going to begin? And, incidentally, how long are you going to keep Stannie waiting?"

Oh, Lord!—right there was another knot in the tangle—Lisette. We had agreed to agree—Lisette and I—several months or so in advance of Grandfather Jasper's death, and we were both perfectly well assured, and had assured each other a dozen times, that my income from Dad's estate wasn't more than half big enough to marry me. You see, it was this way: Lisette was one of a family of four girls in a mighty expensive household, and there was nothing to lean on or that side of the fence. Though, of course, we never discussed it brutally it so many words, we were waiting for that fifty-fifty look-in at the will which family tradition declared had already been drawn up, signed, sealed, witnessed and put away in cold storage; otherwise in the safe-keeping of Grandfather Jasper's family lawyer.

All of which may serve to bring us back to that nightmare effect registered at the start. When the Dudley will was taken out of the冰box and read to the assembled members of the family, there were at least two shocking surprises. Jasper hadn't been anywhere near as rich as we had all been thinking he was; that his modest manner of living had been, perhaps, a matter of necessity as of bad investments—of which he had never heard—so much had he cut out his fortune in the last few years, less than half a century, that was shock-

Percy the immaculate pulling a bone-head joke like this!"

"You are taking it for a joke?" she questioned.

"Sure I am; and it's a rather rotten one at that, I should say—considering the source."

"Then you won't go to look for the blue-eyed girl with nut-brown hair and the cunning little mole? Think of what you may be missing!"

For just one crazy minute I had a hunch, or a premonition, or whatever you like to call it, that the letter might not be a joke. Grandfather Jasper had always been a bit eccentric—a rich man's privilege—and a rich old man's uncontested right. What if he had actually done this thing to me?—a thing scarcely less devastating than cutting me off without a penny? On the spur of the moment I said:

"If I should go, would you wait for me, Lisette?"

She took her time about answering a good and sufficient plenty of it.

"I think perhaps I'd better not change the ring back, Stannie," she said, sort of wistfully. "If there is any money and you should happen to find it, you would probably fling it all away before you could get back to Boston. Besides, there is the blue-eyed girl; if she should bring you a fortune, you have to marry her, wouldn't you? You are big and strong, and—well—er since in good many ways Stannie, and much too good-looking for your own good, but when you marry—if you do marry—you'd better be sure that the girl has money enough to buy her own hats. I haven't enough, as you know."

"I know only too well that the love-in-a-cottage idea has never appealed to you," I said, with the regretful stop pulled all the way out in deference to the sentimental decencies.

"Not in the least, Stannie dear; not in the littlest least."

This appeared to be the end of our rather lukewarm love-dream, and to be really honest and aboveboard about it, I am obliged to confess that it didn't break as many bones for me as I suppose it should have. Anyway, a half-hour or so after I had said good-bye to Lisette I met Jack Downing, and when he asked me if I didn't want to go with him and a bunch of the fellows for a little spin down the coast of Maine in his motor cruiser, I told for the invitation so suddenly that he hadn't a ghost of a chance to back out, if he had wanted to.

So, a few hours beyond that touching little scene at the Rockerle, you may figure me, if you please, spinning the wheel of one of the nastiest little boats on the North shore, with a fresh nor'easter blowing and the sea getting up to give me the time of my life, and to hold the Guinevere to her course, nor' nor'east, half a point east, as we lifted the Shaws on our port bow.

In such jolly good company as we had aboard the stout ship Guinevere, three full days elapsed before a thought of Percy or his jokes ever entered my head again; and it's a telling shot that I wouldn't have thought of him, or it, during the remainder of the cruise if we hadn't obliged to tie up at Rockland for motor repairs. This, as I recall it, was on the fourth day, and it was a dog that made me remember; a mongrel cur that followed the motor repairman down to the wharf; a most despicable looking mongrel, at that, but, by Jove, he had the megaphone blues! Half of his face, measuring from the nose, went down over the tip of his nose, was black and dirty white. So then I did a little rapid figuring on train schedules. If Percy had left Washington as I knew he was planning to, my diplomatic cousin should

Dear Stannie:

I know just about how you felt last week when you heard Grandfather Jasper's will read, and it isn't going to make you feel any better now when I tell you that I knew of its provisions a week ago. When the will was drawn, grandfather showed it to me, and gave me a sealed envelope, which I was to open after his death. That envelope, as I knew at the time contained, among other things, a coded note to the will. By its provisions you are to receive a legacy under certain conditions which were to be revealed to you at such time as I might think best.

Your portion of Grandfather Jasper's property was worth, at its latest valuation, something like \$40,000. It lies in a perfectly safe repository, situated between the 105th and 110th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, and the 35th and 40th degrees of latitude. When you find it, you will be able to identify it by the presence of a girl with brown hair and blue eyes, and small mole on her left shoulder, a piebald horse which the girl rides, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. You will be more than likely to find the three together; and if you make the acquaintance of the girl, you'll be on the trail of your legacy.

"So there you are, Stannie, old boy; there's your fortune. All you've got to do is to go to work and find it. Perhaps by that time you will have acquired the working habit—which is what Grandfather Jasper hoped might prove to be the case.

"Wishing you great joy in your search, I am,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"PERCY."

Naturally, I had a quiet little laugh over this screed of Percy's, taking it for a joke; a poor joke and in rather bad taste, I thought. In that mood I handed the letter to Lisette for her to read. She didn't laugh, but she did look a bit scornful and put about, if you know what I mean.

"I don't suppose the blue-eyed girl would appeal to you," she said, "though the horse and the dog might. What do you start?"

We discovered that Meridian 105 west of Greenwich split the state of Colorado just beyond Denver, Colorado, Springs and Pueblo, and the hunting-ground plotted out for me took in three-fourths of the remainder of the state, a slice of Utah, a good bit bigger slice of New Mexico, with a bite out of the northeastern corner of Arizona, just for good measure.

"Me for the wild and woolly!" I bellowed. "Don't you see me rigged out in a nice, hairy pair of sheep and riding hell-bent-for-leather—I believe that's the phrase over the snow-capped peaks or the boundless prairies, as the case may be? But just imagine

Percy the immaculate pulling a bone-head joke like this!"

"You are taking it for a joke?" she questioned.

"Sure I am; and it's a rather rotten one at that, I should say—considering the source."

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have the floor, so to speak, figuring chiefly myself as a good listener.

"Yes; we do run across some rather queer propositions in our trade," he said, after he had given me some sort of an idea of what a mining engineer's job is like. "In my own experience, for example, the only sure shot I have ever had—or possibly ever will have—got away from me."

It was up to me to bite, and of course I did it.

"How was that?"

"The man died," he replied brusquely.

That sounded rather interesting, so I gave him another pinch.

"Tell me about it; if it won't bore you."

He grinned good-naturedly and accepted another cigar out of my pocket-case.

"You'll be the one to be hired. It was this way: A little over a year ago I was on my way to Chicago, for example, the only sure shot I have ever had—or possibly ever will have—got away from me."

It was up to me to bite, and of course I did it.

"Still, I don't see how you have lost out," I put in.

"Well, at the time of the accident, the man was dead—had died just a few days earlier."

"Still, I don't see how you have lost out," I put in.

"Walter, here comes the funny part of it. Mr. Bunker tells me solemnly that I am remembered in my will as the only one who has ever done a good turn for him, and that he was to be the one to be hired. He died, and I had to take his place."

It was some years—the luck changed, as sometimes happens. In sinking and drifting the operators had uncovered another vein which was exceedingly rich. Didn't let me talk your arm off," said I. "My arms are insured."

"Well, at about the time that they struck this new underlying vein, they also struck water; so much of it as to lead them to suspect that they had tapped an underground lake. The old gentleman wasn't exactly a woolly sheep—in the Wall Street sense of the term. He had owned stock in the mine for a long time, and had been paying him dividends, right along. So naturally, after the new strike was announced, he was perfectly willing to own more. I don't know what his investment was, but he gave me to understand that it was something like half a million. In less than a month after the deal was closed the mine was drowned and went out of business."

"Still, I don't see how you have lost out," I put in.

"I'm coming to that. As it happens, my specialty as an engineer is in the water-bearing veins. The old gentleman had maps and profiles with him; the records of a very careful and excellent topographical survey."

"It's reasonably certain that I discovered a vein which the mine can be drained at comparatively small expense."

"I told him I thought I could do it; but I didn't give my plan away. Instead, I made him a proposition; of

terered to undertake the drainage job at my own costs. If I should succeed, he was to deed me a fourth interest in the property. If I didn't succeed, it was to cost him nothing—sort of a contingent fee, as a lawyer would say."

I laughed. "You made an offer like that to a stranger? and on a mine that you had never seen?"

He grinned good-naturedly and got back at me, quick.

"All business is a taking of chances,

As the master stood at that stage of the game, I had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and the only chance I was taking was in the bet on my own ability as an engineer. The old man was a queer old codger in some respects; as secretive and cautious as an old fox. For example: he had carefully clipped the name of the mine from the blue-prints and other papers, and in all his talk he never even mentioned the name of the district in which the mine was located. But in spite of all this caution he drew up a sort of option agreement with me.

"We found a lawyer and had the agreement drawn up in legal form.

The time limit was to be a year, and each of us was to put up a thousand

my handsome fortune is a lost dog, so far as I'm concerned."

His mention of a lost dog hit me right in the center of the solar plexus and I laughed like a fool.

"What struck you funny-bone?" he demanded, sort of dubiously, I fancied.

"Nothing," I gurgled; "nothing worth mentioning—only I'm hunting for a lost dog, too."

But I didn't tell him any more. After we'd smoked a while longer, and Brown-beard had apologized for making me listen to his rather longish tale of woe, we took the porter's hint that he'd like to have the smoking room for his nighty shoe-shine, and turned in.

"I could see by his expression that he still thought me crazy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LIFE OF GAS MANTLES

Illuminating Device Should Last 1,000 Burning Hours—May Be Destroyed in Few Moments.

The following facts about gas mantles are taken from Gas Logic, the house organ of the biggest gas company in New York.

"A good gas mantle should last from 500 to 800 or even 1,000 burning hours. Breakage, however, is not always due to poor mantle quality. Turning the gas off and on and the slight explosion that sometimes occurs when it is lighted is highly destructive of



When you have tea with your friends ask them if they are using Brednut. It will be surprising if some of them do not speak with enthusiasm of the fresh whole some flavor of this new bread spread.

The Surprised Mr. C!

How Mrs. C. pleased his appetite and her purse

MRS. C.—a clever young housekeeper of Flint, Michigan, related the following amusing incident:

Mr. C. rather boasted of his epicurean tastes. Extravagant by nature, he had the notion that a fine food was necessarily an expensive food. Now Mr. C's spendthrift appetite continually exhausted Mrs. C's slender purse.

But he admits it now—the laugh is on him.

Mrs. C. discovered this new bread spread sold at about half the cost of the one she was accustomed to using. Incognito, it was introduced to Mr. C. He remarked—"Well this certainly has a fine fresh flavor. Where did you get it?"

Yes, Brednut will please the most exacting husband. And as for children—just watch yours go for it.

It's made from pasteurized milk and rich tropical nuts

Thank generous Nature for Brednut. In far off tropical islands she grows a rich nut—with a white meat. These we bring to America. We secure pasteurized milk from healthy cows. Blended together in spotless surroundings under careful supervision these ingredients make Brednut—the new fresh-flavored spread for bread.

You'll find Brednut is a real treat. Try it today. When your grocer delivers your first pound, notice how white Brednut is—so white you can actually see its purity.

You can quickly color Brednut to a rich golden yellow with the wholesome vegetable material which your grocer will give you.

BREDNUT

The delicious new spread for bread

(Made from pasteurized milk and rich tropical nuts)

A treat for afternoon tea

Lettuce and tomato sandwich with Brednut
Cut the crust away from thin slices of bread
Spread lightly with Brednut. Over one slice lay lettuce leaves and sliced tomatoes. Spread with mayonnaise and cover. Notice what a fresh delicate flavor Brednut gives the sandwich.



MORTGAGE SALE

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of money secured by a mortgage dated the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1910, executed by John Gross and Katrine Gross, his wife, then of the Village of Grayling, County of Crawford and State of Michigan, to Marius Hanson of the same place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds in the County of Crawford and State of Michigan in Liber F of Mortgages on page 230 on the 8th day of November, 1921, at 2 o'clock P. M.

AND WHEREAS the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of two hundred eighty five and 27/100ths dollars and the further sum of fifteen dollars, as statutory attorney fee and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the said power of sale in such case made and provided: said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises there-

Sale Bills

If you need some come in and see us

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

THIS is just what you need, madam. Many women who were troubled with indigestion, a yellow, muddy skin, indicating biliousness and habitual constipation, have been permanently cured by the use of Chamberlain's Tablets. Before using tablets they felt miserable and despondent. Now they are cheerful and happy and relish their food. They only cost a quarter.

Chamberlain's Tablets

PRESIDENT HEDRICK REVIEWS STUDBEAKER'S ACHIEVEMENTS

Gives Figures on 1921 Records and tells of Factors That Made Them Possible.

(By A. E. Erskine, President The Studebaker Corporation.)

As a general rule, I do not believe in talking about what has been done in the past, but, rather in planning and preparing for the future. However, the production and sales records made by our organization last year have created considerable public interest and caused Studebaker to be the most widely discussed automobile company in the country. On every side the now famous slogan, "This is a Studebaker Year," caught the public fancy and was freely quoted, no doubt because the results achieved by the organization made good the declaration of the slogan. Some of these achievements were the breaking of all previous records of sales of Studebaker cars, the showing of a greater percentage of increase in sales over 1920 than any other prominent automobile company, and the winning of first position as the world's largest producer of six-cylinder cars. These, to be sure, were important records and accomplishments of which our organization was duly appreciative. Yet the point that caused most public comment was the fact that these records were made during a year of general business depression. Various explanations may be given and have been given for Studebaker's accomplishments. Among the factors that have made them possible, I would name these:

The intrinsic value of Studebaker cars, from the standpoint of design, quality, durability, performance, and price. The universal respect for and confidence in the integrity of the name Studebaker, which for seventy years has been a symbol of quality and fair dealing.

The possession of \$75,000,000 of capital assets, including \$36,000,000 of modern plant facilities managed by an organization of long experience and ability which, devoted to quantity production, permits maximum efficiency and economical manufacture and makes low prices possible.

To paraphrase a homely axiom, the proof of the car is in the performance of it. Quite properly so, cars are judged by what they do rather than by what their makers say about them. Records of the performance of motor cars in users' hands, either make or break the manufacturer's reputation. The performance records of Studebaker cars last year were most noteworthy. Despite the fact that 117,000 new Studebaker cars

were produced and sold in the calendar years of 1920 and 1921 and were, together with 300,000 cars previously produced, in operation in users' hands throughout 1921, our sales of repair parts in 1921 were 6 per cent less than they were in 1919. Automobile manufacturers cannot do both a large car business and a big repair-parts business at the same time. The most healthy and enviable situation possible is that of an increasing car business coupled with a declining business in repair-parts.

The Studebaker Corporation is the "darling of the gods" today, and it is up to our organization to deserve this good fortune in future.

MANIAC SON KILLS FATHER, 80

Cracked Man Also Injures His Sister and Terrorizes Port Huron.

Port Huron, Mich.—Cornelius Scully, 80, was slain Monday by his insane son, Anthony Scully, 40, and Mrs. James Sloane, sister of the deceased man, is in a critical condition from hammer blows and knife wounds inflicted by the maniac. Following the murderous assault on his father and sister Scully left the house and for a time terrorized the neighborhood before police arrested him at the ferry dock.

Scully, Sr., died within an hour after being taken to a hospital. His skull had been cracked with a hammer by the maniac.

At the county jail Scully told an incoherent tale of a quarrel which he had with his son, relative to the disposition of some property owned by the father. Up to a few months previous, he had been an inmate of a hospital for the insane at London, Ont., but was released as cured.

MUST MAKE GOOD FOR DAMAGE

Say Germany Must Pay U. S. \$400,000,000 for Loss at Sea.

Washington—American claims against Germany, amounting to \$400,000,000, because of loss of life and property at sea from German submarine attacks, will be protected to the last dollar, before the United States will agree to return property seized from German subjects during the war. Forty-seven per cent of the boys and 74 per cent of the girls had "flat foot." Ten per cent of the boys and 17 per cent of the girls had ingrown toenails. The feet of 39 per cent of the boys and 28 per cent of the girls revealed corns or other excrescences. Twenty-one per cent of the boys and 19 per cent of the girls walked with their toes turned in.

Most of these troubles were of a character admitting of correction and cure, with proper treatment. If neglected, said the surgeons, some of them might cripple and impair the efficiency of the children affected.

The surgeons recommended that all growing children be examined for such defects and that those affected be watched and treated, in order that later in life they may be "foot-sound."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

BOSTON PIPE ARCH BRIDGE Unique.

An engineering curiosity, said to be unique in this country and to have only one parallel in Europe, is the pipe-arch bridge over the Boston river, which carries Boston's water supply. The span is 60 feet, and the steel pipe 7½ feet in diameter, rises 5½ feet above the horizontal at the center. The pressure on the abutments when the pipe is filled with water is very great and is resisted by a mass of concrete 40 feet thick behind each abutment. Across the curved top runs a hand-ribbed footbridge. The steel of the pipe in the arched portion is ½ of an inch in thickness.

Detroit Lady Tells How.

Verna Ross, 2226 Goodson Ave., Detroit, Mich., says she will tell or write how she removed her goitre with Sorbo Quadruple, a sovereign liniment.

You can see the treatment and get the names of many other users at Lewis' drug stores everywhere, or write Box 388, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

BARN INVENTORY REPORT

Continued from back page.
The total, heating, pupils, the largest, useful, life things, horses with stock in education, organization, in cooperation, they will get somewhere, and agriculture problems will be solved.—G. C. Creelman, Canada.

Soy Beans Cheap.
I know where I can get a 40 bushel lot of soy beans, in Isabella County, for \$2 a bushel, plus freight. If I receive encouragement from farmers at once, before the beans are gone, I will get them for use here.

Usual price is \$8 to \$7. We need every bushel of this lot to give us quick hay, and for green manure.

Nearly every farmer here should use at least two bushels.

Letting me know two months from now that you would have taken some, won't help me any now. Telephone or write a postal card.

WELSH TUNES HAVE SURVIVED

Traditional Melodies Still in Use, Though They Have Not Been Committed to Paper.

Traditional Welsh music has found a place in the services of the Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster. The organist of Dr. R. D. Terry, the organist of the cathedral, was drawn to the tunes some years ago by David Lloyd George. At service of benediction recently the "O Salutaris Hostia" and the "Tumtum ergo" were both sung to ancient Welsh melodies. The tune used for the latter is one of the prime minister's favorites.

"These old tunes have been wonderfully preserved," Doctor Terry told a London Daily Mail reporter. "Many of them—date from the pre-Reformation period. For centuries they were not written down, but they were saved by the Welsh genius for unaccompanied singing. They were handed down from one generation to another.

"Many of them have been recovered and published in Welsh hymnals, but unhappily in too many cases their harmonies and even their melodies were revised in accordance with the musical ideals of the last century. It is still possible, however, to hear them sung in all the beauty of their original form in remote Welsh villages, and intelligent Welsh musicians of today are realizing how very much more beautiful these old versions are. Dr. Walford Davies, a Welshman who is now professor of music at the University of Wales, may be trusted to see that good care is taken of them."

COULD NOT ACCEPT REWARD

But the Druggist Must Have Had His Opinion of Value Woman Put on His Services.

The druggist had stopped in the middle of putting up a difficult prescription and deeply removed from the woman's eye the cinder that had been causing her great pain.

"Ah, thank you so much," she gushed. "How much is it?"

"Nothing at all," he replied courteously.

"Or, but you should let me pay you something—you really should? I know it would be only right to pay you for your time. It took all of five minutes—or at least we will call it five minutes, though of course it wasn't really so long—and if your time is worth \$8 a day—and really I think druggists should make that much, though of course they do not work so hard as carpenters or painters—why that would come to let me see, why nearly 10 cents—or at least we will call it 10 cents, though it would really be only about 8 cents, wouldn't it?"

"No, madam," the druggist replied firmly. "We are glad to do these little services for our customers, and I recall distinctly that you have bought most of your postage stamps here for a long while."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Dated February 8th, A. D. 1922.

George Sorenson, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan.

The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on the seventeenth day of January, A. D. 1922.

Present: Hon. George Sorenson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Aebli, deceased.

Edward King, his grandson having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration covering the real and personal property of said estate be granted to Emil Kraus of Grayling, Michigan or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered that the sixth day of

February, A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche printed and circulated in said county.

George Sorenson, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

George Sorenson, Judge of Probate.

1-19-3.

Horses For Sale

I have some good young horses, from 4 to 8 years old, for sale at my barn at West Branch.

H. E. REA

West Branch, Michigan

Taking Desperate Chances.

It is true that many contract sev-

ere colds and recover from them with-

out taking any precaution or treat-

ment, and a knowledge of this fact

leads others to take their chances

instead of giving their colds the

needed attention. It should be borne

in mind that every cold weakens the

ungs, lowers the vitality, makes the

system less able to withstand each

successing attack and paves the way

for the more serious diseases. Can

you afford to take such desperate

chances when Chamberlain's Cough

Remedy, famous for its cures of bad

colds may be had for a trifle?

PROBATE NOTICE

State of Michigan.

The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at

the probate office in the Village of

Grayling, in said county, on the

seventeenth day of January, A. D. 1922.

Present: Hon. George Sorenson,

Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Peter

Aebli, deceased.

Edward King, his grandson having

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ing that the administration covering

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